

An Ill Wind

The big yellow car had just escaped taking off the wheel of a very smartly rigged Stanhope, and the pretty woman in it had sent a look of resentment and disgust deep into poor Billy's susceptible eyes; he spoke irritably as they sped past.

"I wish to heaven, Julia, you would be more careful. That's the seventh time this afternoon we've escaped a mix-up. Let me run her now, that's a good girl."

His cousin shut her lips firmly. "If you are going to develop nerves, Billy, you can get out, you know. I may be a greenhorn, but I'm game for any amount of this business. Do we turn just ahead? I don't seem to remember this road."

"Yes, we turn—on one wheel, probably," retorted the perturbed Billy, savagely. "No stunts now. Shut her down, I say! There's the deuce of a hill, Julia—"

Soon afterward he sat up in the dusty grass of the roadside and gazed vaguely about him. Presently he became conscious of a peculiar object on which his hand rested. He looked down. A roasted chicken, plump, browned to a turn, met his astonished gaze. A bottle of champagne, broken, alas! lay near, its golden nectar wasted on insensate grass. Dazed and aggrieved he got to his feet, and then he sat down again suddenly. A big red car stood in the otherwise deserted road. Red!

Poor Billy pressed his hands over his traitor eyes. Red! The Meteor was yellow—he could swear to it. Yellow was Julia's color, Julia? When—where—

He got up quickly, anxiously. That reckless girl! Ah, there she was!

A young woman in a torn coat of pongee sat calmly on the wall behind him, arranging her sunny hair in the indescribable fashion peculiar to all pretty women. She met his scared eyes affably.

"Come around, haven't you?" she said with a nod of her charming head. "I thought you would. You began to groan when I poured the champagne over you, but really there wasn't anything else I could do for you. On the whole I think we've come off rather lucrily, don't you?"

Billy's head whirled. Who was this no-nonsense young person who said "we" so calmly to an utter stranger, and who seemed oblivious to the existence of Julia?

"Would you mind telling me what has become of Julia?" he faltered, his aching head. "Something has happened I think. Is she—badly hurt?"

It was the young woman's turn to start, and she did so, thoroughly. "Julia? What do you mean? I don't remember a thing after I screamed, when I saw that big yellow streak bearing down upon us. Until I found myself in these bushes and you unconscious on the grass. Who is Julia?"

Mr. Billy Brooks staggered to a seat on the wall. The girl was frowning at the rents in her long coat.

"Look at 'em," she mourned. "Even if our car isn't past patching up, I'm a wreck. I can't possibly see Mrs. Elliott and the rest in this state. You see, I lit right in those blackberry bushes. It was awfully good of you to offer to get me there quickly, but, really, the rain would have been less hard on my gown."

Mr. Brooks murmured an apology hesitantly, staring straight before him. Mrs. Elliott! An addition to his circle of acquaintances. Perhaps Julia—Our car! Our car!

"Your eyes aren't gray, and your hair isn't curly—why I don't know you, I don't," she said pitifully. "I ever saw you in my life before. What has happened to us? You talk of Julia—and—"

"Why, cousin Julia and I were driving half an hour ago in a yellow car—the Meteor. Julia and the car seem to have been translated and are Mr. Stewart. I am here, and you are here, and a red car is here, and—er—the remains of a good coach—not mine. My name is William Brooks. Can you throw any light on this Chinese puzzle?"

"I don't quite understand. I ought you were Mr. Stewart or I. Why, this is Mr. Stewart's car! He is taking me over to Mrs. Elliott's garden party. And that big yellow car came roaring at us!"

"When—when I crawled out of the bushes and tried to pour the champagne down your throat, I ought what pigs these people were keep right on and never stop to—If we were killed! And you are—Mr. Stewart—at all! If your name is Brooks, where is Mr. Stewart?"

"Where is Julia?" replied Mr. Brooks unhappily, still anchored to a wall.

"I really do not know," retorted a lady in the car, with some asiduity. "It might appear to a sensible person that she is with Godfrey Stewart in a yellow car. Anything possible after this?"

Mr. Brooks slid from the wall with incredible speed.

"Godfrey Stewart! Why didn't you say that in the first place? Of course she is! He's that pie-faced college youth whom Uncle Dave kicked out of the house last spring. Just beginning his senior year, mind you, and mad to marry Julia off-hand. Will that car go? By Jove, this begins to be rather more than interesting."

With the resignation born of long practice, Mr. Brooks crawled under the car. The lady sat in dignified silence until he emerged, red but triumphant.

"O. K.," he reported, smiling as he stepped to beside her. "What the deuce Stewart left it for, I don't imagine. The Meteor isn't to be compared with it. Look here; see, here's where they turned out and around. See the marks in the dust? He's gone back the way you came."

Dexterously he turned the ponderous machine in the narrow road.

"Hold hard," he advised gayly. "I'm going to let her out all she's worth in a minute; but after we catch these two young idiots I shall demand an apology from you for mistaking me for that pie-faced kid. Really, I'm very good looking when I'm clean."

A vagrant dimple appeared in the pink cheek of the dignified young lady in the town pongee coat.

"I shall require proof," she retorted demurely. "Some people consider me quite passable when I'm not tattered and torn. Shall you demand proof?"

Two disheveled beings, a brown and a black one, popped cautiously up from behind the stone wall across the road. The pair of eyes, brown and gray, stared thankfully at a deserted, dusty roadway; then the owner of the brown eyes spoke:

"I don't think we've ever properly appreciated Hildegarde," she said thoughtfully. "She's carried off this situation—and Billy—in a manner truly Napoleonic. The stage has suffered great loss in being unaware of her talent."

"Good old girl, Hildegarde!" he said warmly. "Didn't she get him away in great style, and short order, though? I tell you she's an artist in fabrication—not one whooper too many. Lord! I thought old Billy would start a search party of the vicinity and we'd be collared, but he never even glanced our way. Had his eyes glued on her even in his most anxious moments about your safety. And his face—wasn't it a picture for Puck? I've laughed myself sore. I say, Julia, in spite of his mean opinion of me, old Billy's a brick!"

Miss Julia looked down thoughtfully at the tangled blackberry vines. "Billy—is Billy," she said slowly. "I really began to worry about him, Godfrey. It must have taken fully ten minutes for us to get the Meteor through these bars and hidden securely, and there he lay unconscious all that time, and none of us doing a thing for him. It wasn't fair."

"But all's fair in love and war, dear," he protested, "and this is love, isn't it? We just couldn't let such a blessed chance go by. Julia, I'm not going to finish my course. The pater has been very generous to me. I can go into the business directly I say the word, and I say the word today if you will just walk up this road with me to a little old parsonage I know of, and marry me now. What is the use of waiting to win over your father and then making a holy show of ourselves at a big wedding? I don't want it. I know you detest the thought of it—and, Julia, I—I dared to get the license over a month ago, because I knew, darling, I should take the very first chance I got to get you to marry me without any fuss and feathers—and I have. Look at me, dear. You—you are not angry?"

The girl glanced nervously at the battered Meteor, half hidden behind the trees, then she turned and slipped her hands into his.

"I've always said things about girls who ran away and got married," she murmured half sadly, "and here I am doing the same thing. But it's no use to argue with father. He says I'm too young; that he'll never give his consent until I'm 25. Twenty-five! Why, that's a quarter of a century, Godfrey. And I belong with you. Poor old Billy will never believe that this was really accidental. And if Hildegarde ever tells him all that happened while he was unconscious—"

Young Stewart pulled her gently from the wall and marched triumphantly into the dusty road. A long, hot walk lay before them, but—

"She won't!" he declared joyously. "I think she had it on her mind to console her. Did you catch her last remark?"

Julia dimpled. "Arrant little flirt," she murmured, indignantly. "I must really warn Billy."

"When you are Mrs. Godfrey Stewart! I say, Julia, doesn't it sound pretty? Dear, I know it's warm and the dust is awful, but—could you walk a little faster? The quicker we go the sooner we shall get there. Let's hold hands like the children, Julia, and hustle."

Julia shot him a mischievous glance over her shoulder. She ignored his outstretched hand and caught up her skirts coquettishly.

"Whoever would have dreamed I'd be married in a dirty white linen gown!" she inquired plaintively. "Faster! Well, I used to be a very good runner, Godfrey. Shall we see if I have deteriorated?"

NEW KIND OF MANIA IN SOUTH

Dr. Dana, Alienist, Says it Came from Provinces in the North of Italy

DUE TO THE FUNGUS ON CORN

Department of Agriculture Reputed to Have Sent a Commission to Italy to Study the Malady—Hunting Means of Preventing the Disease.

Boston, Mass.—Pellagra, a dangerous and progressive form of insanity, known until recently only in the rural sections of Italy, has now appeared in the Southern States of this country, according to reports which have reached Dr. Charles L. Dana, the New York alienist.

Pellagra comes from eating Indian corn meal ground from diseased or fermented corn, says Dr. Dana. In Italy it has been confined almost altogether to the poorer classes in rural communities. The peasants of Lombardy and other Provinces of Northern Italy have until now been the chief sufferers from the disease.

The peasants are forced to live on inferior grades of Indian corn, the product of poorly cultivated ground, sown late and harvested before maturity. Frequently it has been stored in a green state, and when sent to the mills there is a fungus growth on it, which is thought to be chiefly conducive to this form of insanity.

The disease appears usually in the Spring, dying out when colder weather of the Fall comes on. The patient at first feels unfit for work, suffers from headaches, giddiness, and a burning of the skin. At the same time a rash appears on the skin, the red or livid spots becoming very painful, especially when exposed to the sun.

Though the patient is better during the Winter, the disease breaks out with greatly increased virulence on the return of Spring, and this progression continues until it passes from a simple nervous affection to a distressing malady, breaking down the entire nervous system, culminating in imbecility and insanity.

Dr. Dana says the American Consul at Milan told him that not only had several Superintendents of Southern Insane Asylums been there, but that a commission from the United States Department of Agriculture also was in Italy for the purpose of finding out the causes and means of preventing the disease.

Washington, D. C.—The Marine Hospital service will make a determined effort to stamp out the new and dreadful disease which is playing havoc in certain sections of the South and which is known to physicians as pellagra. Pellagra appears to resemble leprosy in some respects, but ends in permanent insanity. It is said to have been imported from Italy, but seems to be induced by fermented meal made from smutty or fermented corn. The epidemic is at its worst in South Carolina.

In the Mount Vernon Insane Asylum in 1907 there were eighty-eight cases, fifty-seven of which ended fatally.

NEW "SANE" LINE NEEDED.

Modern Life Has Created New Forms of Mental Disturbance.

Paris, France.—Paul Bourget's latest book, "By Paths of the Heart," says that we make a great division between people sane and insane but that there are a great number of persons who are really neither one nor the other.

Recently he and Maurice Barres visited a sanitarium for mental patients. After making the acquaintance of several inmates Barres said:

"Why, these people are like those we dine with every day."

Bourget says the complexity of conditions of modern life has so shattered the nerves of people that new forms of mental aberrations and new shades of mental delusions have been created.

WANT CHINESE FOR FARMS.

California Farmers Would Have 10,000 to 50,000 Admitted Yearly.

San Francisco.—Farmers from the northern part of the state took a radical stand for the entry of more Chinese and Japanese laborers at a conference of the country life commission. They complained that a white man is not worth his salt on the California farms because of his migratory disposition, and the only salvation of the farmer lies in the Chinese laborer.

An earnest plea was made that from 10,000 to 50,000 energetic young Chinese be allowed to enter this country every year.

Japan Importing Cats.

Berlin, Germany.—Japan is importing cats from Germany, on account of the fact that Tokio and other cities of the Eastern Empire are at present plagued with rats. Five thousand cats sailed from the Fatherland for Yokohama the other day, and several more cargoes are being made up.

MR. GOSLINGTON'S ADVENTURE.

He Offers a Seat to a Lady in an Elevated Car—Unexpected Outcome.

This, said Mr. Goslington, "I confess is rather puzzling to me, but I am inclined to think that I got left in it."

"The elevated car in which I rode home late yesterday afternoon was as usual at that hour crowded, and so as usual I hung on by a strap. But a few stations along the man in front of whom I had been standing got up and went out, leaving a vacant seat, which of course I might have taken but which I did not take, for a step or two further back in the car there was standing, holding on by a strap, a young woman talking with a young man who was standing near her, holding on by the next strap."

"What I did was to indicate to this young woman that here was a seat for her, at which she turned and stepped across the car, as I supposed, to occupy the seat that I had thus left for her. But just what she did was this:

"Sitting down on one side of this seat, she edged along a little further on that side, thus making her next neighbor there, a woman, move along a little, and thus providing half the seat vacant, and now she invited the young man with whom she had been talking to sit down beside her, which he did, all this leaving me to stand there, completely ignored, in front of them."

"Sitting down as she did she discommoded the person, the woman sitting next to her, and crowding in to sit beside her, as he had to do, the young man with her discommoded the person sitting next to him. Thus this lady would appear to have proceeded when her opportunity came with entire disregard of everybody but herself, seeking with utter selfishness solely her own comfort and pleasure, or so we might have thought, if it were possible to think ill of any woman, which I do not; but while the situation was a little puzzling, it certainly did seem as if she had sort of made a gump of me, don't you think?"—New York Sun.

The Aztec Calendar.

The Aztecs of Mexico had a calendar of their own and one copy is engraved in stone and now preserved in the National Museum of Mexico. Fifty-two years constituted a cycle with the Aztecs. Each year had 365 days. There were 18 months of 20 days each and five additional days that were considered very unlucky, and were devoted to human sacrifice. The month was divided into four weeks of five days each. The days were such names as "Rain," "Monkey" and "Small Bird," and each day of the month had a name. Whole phrases were used for the names of some months.

Much Power from Niagara.

Power generated at Niagara Falls is to be distributed all over Canada. Bids have been asked on 10,000 tons of structural steel for the Canadian government. The steel is to be used for towers which will support the cables used in transporting the current. Already power generated at Niagara is being sent to a distance of more than 12 miles, and it is the intention of the Canadian government to increase this distance, says the Scientific American. Towns in every direction about Niagara will be supplied.

Woman's Suspicious Reticence.

Are women beginning to talk less in the hope of thus better pleasing men? If so, while commending the motive, we would unhesitatingly question the method. The mere music of their voices as contrasted with the raucous male note easily counterbalances any possible disparity in the ideas expressed. Upon all grounds we cry out for loosening of the delicate tongues now so strangely and so suspiciously stilled.

Even to China Land.

The equal-rights wave has reached the shores of China, and it is reported that a number of wives in Canton have left their husbands, saying that they will no longer be subject to them. The wives have had the worst of it, however, as the law gives power to imprison them, and they have had to suffer the consequences of their rash resolves.

Work of Zambesi Missions.

A pamphlet recently issued by Andrew Murray gives a brief survey of missions south of the Zambesi. There are 31 different missionary organizations at work, ministering to over 10,000,000 people. The student volunteer movement in South Africa has put 84 young missionaries in the field since 1896.

Thoughtful Bride.

She was quite demure, and he looked all right. They were on their honeymoon, and the train had just emerged from a long tunnel. Sitting up and arranging her front hair, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Fred, tell me! Is my mouth on straight?"

Danger in New York Roads.

There is an average of seven car collisions a day on the steam, subway, elevated and surface railways of New York.

Ethics of Friendship.

In the progress of each man's character, he will have learned the lesson of life who is skillful in the ethics of friendship.—Emerson.

MRS. TAFT ACHIEVED GIRL'S AMBITION

"I'll Marry Man Who'll Be President," Said Helen Herron, When Sixteen

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES LAUGHED

Ohio Maid Guest in White House When She Announced She'd Be Its Head Some Day—Mrs. Taft Is a Linguist and a Musician.

Washington, D. C.—With all the sublime assurance of the girl of 16 who calmly assumes that the world is hers for the asking, Helen Herron said to Rutherford B. Hayes one day in the White House, which he was ruling: "I'd love to live here, and I shall. I'm going to marry a man who will be President."

"In that case," said President Hayes, with a gravity that only half masked his inward mirth at the girl's determination. "I advise you to get married to an Ohio man. You see, my dear, an Ohio man has a better chance for any office he goes after than a man from any other State."

That was in the days when Ohioans' persistent placeholding or seeking for place was so marked that a boastful poet in Lamo wrote:

Ohio men have got it down so fine
They seldom die, they never will
reign.

It has taken a good many years for Helen Herron to realize her ambition, but she has done so at last; for the eager girl of that day is now Mrs. William H. Taft.

It was in Washington that Mrs. Taft, beaming with joy over the choice of the Republican convention, told about her girlish desire.

"Mrs. Hayes was one of my mother's dearest friends," said Mrs. Taft. "She asked us all to visit her when she got settled in the White House. As there were six girls in our family, each had to take her turn. Mine came almost two years after Mr. Hayes's election. I shall never forget the awe I felt when I entered the building. I spent a whole month there, and, even in fairy tales, I don't believe a girl ever was happier. What I loved most was the supper Uncle Rutherford always had spread on a big table in the hall. He loved to have a big ham or a coal roast to carve. No champagne ever equalled the older we had, and there were jellies and cakes and pies that Mrs. Hayes made herself."

"I fell in love with life in the White House right there. None of my succeeding visits ever destroyed the glamour. I used to pity the critics who talked about architectural defects and about inconveniences connected with life in the Executive Mansion. Aladdin's palace did not seem to me more desirable."

"One day, in talking with President Hayes, I announced dogmatically that I intended to marry a man who would get to be President, for I wanted to live in the White House. Uncle Rutherford smiled and said: 'I hope you will, my dear, and be sure to marry an Ohio man.'"

"It was years after that I discovered the one man in the world for me. I did not ask whether he would be President. But somehow he heard of my youthful ambition, and he sometimes joked with me about it. After marriage he said offhand one day that he would try to realize the dreams I had woven around the ideal husband I had selected at 16."

Mrs. Taft felt perfectly confident her husband's success as soon as the choice of the convention was announced. Thereupon she began to plan, or, as she says, her dreams took substance. She talked with friends about changes in the arrangement of the White House. Probably no man ever came to the White House so laden with gifts from distinguished persons as does Mr. Taft. He has beautiful teakwood furniture part the gift of the Sultan of Jolo and part from the Dowager Empress of China.

The bedroom set presented by the Manila Council is remarkable. The bed is about twice the size of the ordinary bed. The Council had seen Taft. A teakwood cabinet, familiar to Washington in the Tafts' small drawing room and in which Mrs. Taft kept valuable presents of silver and bronze, was given by the Empress of Japan. An exquisitely carved ivory crucifix came from Pope Leo XIII.

Mrs. Taft has studied foreign languages for ten years, and is an adept in French, Spanish and Italian. Her musical qualifications are known. After she was graduated from the Cincinnati College of Music she held a teacher's chair for a year. It is characteristic of her that she is proud of her record as professor of music.

Find Wild Honey.

Waynesboro, Pa.—Wild bees in hollow trees are still to be found in the mountain sections of Pennsylvania. A large bee tree was cut down on the farm of Simon Shank, southwest of Waynesboro, recently. Workmen were clearing some timberland when they found the tree. Cutting it down, they found within it fifty pounds of delicious honey.

THE WOMAN OF FIFTY

NEW LIFE AWAITS HER AFTER CHILDREN ARE GROWN.

She May Have Any of a Dozen Talents in Other Lines But Neither She Nor the World Be Better.

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The woman of fifty, whose children have all grown up and left her, is likely to think that her work is over and her life done, but her life is, on the contrary, just beginning. She is not so taken up with being a woman now, and can realize at last her individual character. Heretofore her personality has been submerged in the great common experience of love, marriage and maternity. She may have had any one of a dozen talents in other lines, but neither she nor the world is the better for it. She may have preferred other occupations; she may have particularly disliked this one; but neither capacity, preference nor distaste made any difference. A wife and mother, she must also be a nurse and housekeeper for better or worse.

One wonders sometimes, noting the wide difference in housekeeping and in child culture, whether that "better or worse" clause was not put in on account of them. If it is "better," the family is more comfortable; if it is "worse," the family is more uncomfortable; but, whichever it is, the woman must spend all her young years at it, and personally slumbers. Is there any left when one is fifty? Is not the remainder a mere shell—a husk or a remnant of what was once a woman, all her womanhood accomplished? That's what we have always thought. We have peacefully taken it for granted that she who had so patiently obliterated herself in the interests of her family should stay obliterated on general principles for all the rest of her life.

There is no reason why the woman of fifty should stay obliterated. She has ten, twenty, thirty years still to live, and in ten years of well directed effort, free from the blunders and backsteps of youth, what may she not do? "Once disentangled from the clinging mounds of domestic habit, she finds, to her intense surprise, a fountain of youth springing up within her. She can employ the green earth as much as she ever did; more, if her soul has grown ever did; more, if her soul has grown. She can take up some trade or business if she wants money—something perhaps, along the line that has previously occupied her. She can travel if she can afford it, study if she has time and wishes to go in for some kind of public work, if that appeals to her, or she may simply "loaf" for a while and "invite her soul." And what of the family? Is nothing to be lost by the emancipation of a budding grandmother? Will John at sixty-five object to these new courses? There will be no difficulty about any of these things. To say the truth, tyrant man is not half so black as he is painted. Neither is he as rapturously content with the average wife and mother as the poets and some novelists would have us believe. There is room for a cheerful hope that the man of fifty-five will spend the rest of his days quite as comfortably with the active, happy, useful, growing woman that is in watching the gradual decadence and extinction of the woman who was.

A Successful Housekeeper.

A woman to be a successful housekeeper needs to be devoid of intensive "nerves." She must be neat and systematic, but not too neat, lest she destroy the comfort she endeavors to create.

She must be affectionate, sympathetic and patient, and fully appreciative of the worth and dignity of her sphere.

Now, if a woman cannot broil a beef steak, nor boil the coffee when it is necessary, if she cannot mend the linen, nor patch a coat; if she cannot make a bed, nor ventilate the house, nor do anything practical in the way of making a home actually a home, how can she expect to be a successful housekeeper?

She needs to educate herself in the art of domestic virtues, to make a real "Home, Sweet Home."

She should have a place for everything and keep everything in its place. Remember and put in practice the motto, "Never put off till to-morrow that which you can do to-day."

Thus the poorest dwelling presided over by a virtuous, thrifty, cheerful and cleanly woman, may be the abode of comfort, virtue and happiness; it may be endeared to man by many delightful associations, furnishing a sweet resting place after labor, a consolation in misfortune, a pride in prosperity and a joy at all times.

A Delicious Icing.

Put on a cup of granulated sugar with half a cup of water, let it boil without stirring until it spins a heavy thread.

Beat very stiff the white of one egg and into it pour slowly the hot sugar. Let the syrup cool a little before putting it in the egg or it will cook it. Beat steadily until the icing is cool and creamy.

Just before it is too cold to stir longer add one ounce each of candied cherries, chopped citron, candied pineapple and blanched almonds.